THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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ORIGINAL LETTERS.

[It being one of the objects of this publication, to encourage useful inquiries into the nature and structure of *Language;* we offer for the consideration of such of our readers, as are friendly to grammatical pursuits, a portion of correspondence, which includes a controversy relative to the proper use of the Adjective, to obviate ambiguity in certain cases.]

London, 7th mo. 9th, 1804.

Esteemed Friend,

J. N. handed me a note some months since containing some instances of what are in thy apprehension inaccurate modes of expression. I recollect this was the subject of thy animad-version, when with me. I then endeavoured to explain my ideas on the subject which materially differ from thy own since, I have not upon close examination been able to discover any impropriety in any one of the examples thou hast so curiously thrown together. Thou wilt probably smile at this; but as the subject has engaged considerable of my attention since it was the topic of our discourse and especially since the receipt of thy note, I will attempt to throw on paper the reasons that have conduced to form in my mind the judgment I have given—I have not failed to consult a friend of mine whose knowledge of grammar is esteemed great, on the subject and his opinion corroborates mine.—All the words thou hast cited, and every other of a similar kind, are compound nouns, and as such were often joined by a hyphen though that line is of late much disused.—Is it not evident that a combination of simple ideas in the mind is in one language expressed by a single word and in another from its *copiousness* two or more are requisite to express the same combination, e. g. In French we say "*un vieilliard,*" in Engliſh an "*old man;*" precisely the same ideas are expressed by the one word in French and the two words in English.—I need not instance more examples as thou canst furnish thyself with any number of them. The same combination of ideas is some times expressed differently in the same language; thus a scholar and a schoolboy are significant of the same ideas, a teacher or a pedagogue, and a schoolmaster. Now I would enquire what impropriety there can be in applying an adjective expressive of the quality of the person or thing denoted by one word in one language and two in another; we say "un bon vieillard," and why not "a good old man"—a "diligent scholar"--"schoolboy"--"an auburne"--a "brown colour"--a "dark auburne"—a "dark brown colour," &c. &c.—here the words, good, bon, diligent, dark, are expressive of qualities appertaining to the ideas expressed by vieillard, old man, scholar, school-boy, auburn, brown colour. So it is with the instances thou hast collected which lie before me;—a feather bed is a perfect expression and denotes our idea of an article composed of feathers, linen, &c. which idea the word bed alone is insufficient to express, as a bed may be formed of different materials.—Should we hesitate to say, a "good feather-bed," then why a "long feather-bed," "a wide feather-bed," and "a 6 feet long feather-bed," "a four feet wide feather-bed," "a 6 feet by 4 feet" (meaning the size) "feather-bed." The same of a fire-engine, a rat-trap, a wine-glass, a shoe-buckle, woollen cloth, &c. the last of the words in each of these phrases being insufficient to express the meaning of the speaker, who would distinguish a *steam*, from a *fire*, engine; a *rat*, from a *bird*, trap; a *wine*, from an *ale*, glass; a *shoe*-buckle from a *knee*-buckle; *woollen*, from *linen*, cloth: the first word in each of these phrases becomes an adjective *bona fide*;—and is necessarily attached to the last to define the combined ideas expressed by the two words.—When I say, a concise, well arranged, useful, English grammar,—are any of the epithets preceding English, supposed to belong to that word, or do they not *as well as* that word itself express qualities of the grammar?--The construction of our language is such that we have perhaps more of these circumlocuitous expressions than most other languages; yet so far from judging it a fault, permit me to say, I think it a beauty; it renders our language more copious and consequently more intelligible; for where every idea has a corresponding word or type, I think a language is not far from perfect: and I am of opinion, that the more simple and unconnected with each other these words are, the more copious, the more clear and beautiful is a language. I will instance one example to illustrate this position and then take leave of this subject, which, doubtless, thou wilt be fatigued with, hearing so much upon, and that from one who has not made grammer his particular study, though he can never forget the rules which he learnt when a schoolboy, and the ideas he then received as to the construction of the English language.—In speaking of a *lad*, I say, "a diligent scholar;" scholar may also, and with the same propriety, be applied to a female, consequently some ambiguity remains in the expression scholar, unless I connect it with a personal pronoun, as, he or she is a diligent scholar; but as this connection does not necessarily follow, in the use of this expression the ambiguity, as to the sex of the scholar, is a matter of doubt; therefore scholar is a word incomplete in itself, and not denotive of any perfect idea; but a school-boy no one can mistake for a school-girl, nor *vice versa*; therefore the two latter modes of speech are expressive of perfect ideas, and consequently complete in themselves.

ANSWER.

Philadelphia.

I AM really pleased that thy acceptable favor of the 7th mo. 9th came to hand so opportunely (yesterday) as to enable me to reply to it immediately, the Pigou being *now* ready to sail for London. And although I am indebted to a casual circumstance for so favorable an occasion as the one which now offers to give proof positive of a readiness on my part to carry-on a correspondence so much to thy disadvantage, yet I will not leave thee at liberty to say, that I might not have been equally willing, under other circumstances, to acknowledge, how much I feel myself flattered in still holding a place in thy remembrance.—Thou hast slipped, according to my design, it appears, into correspondence with one who is determined to tyrannise over thee;—for thy own honor is now confederate with me to keep thee closely to it. Having in my possession such a sample of 8 pages thou canst not in future, for fear of shaming thyself, put me off with a few hasty lines; and thy own ambition will be fired to never suffer the quantity put the quality of the matter out of countenance,—*both* being, as was said of uncle Toby's gold lace, necessary to give grace to each other.---In my abundant mercy, however, I shall not be offended, if thy future favors should not be as unexceptionable as the one now before me in accuracy of style or strength of reasoning. But here allow me to hint, that I shall be as much disappointed as dissatisfied, if I should ever find thy logical talents so well displayed to so little purpose.—I don't mean to infer that they were so in the last instance, merely because thou hast not wrought conviction upon a mind that has had so little doubt upon the question thou hast argued; but rather, because thou remainest in thy former opinion, after having been able to say more than enough to convince almost any body of the propriety of *mine*.

I can't hit upon a better mode to show thee what I suppose to be thy error in judgment, in the dispute between us, than to notice thy own expressions, and leave them to stare out of thee, a juster inference than thou hast already drawn.—Remember the argument arose from my smiling at the expression of "foreign wine Vaults" upon the Sign in the Borough. To show what then appeared to me an absurdity in expression, I sent thee from Gib. a *few* phrases, which I don't now remember; but really I could have made a list of them that would reach across the Atlantic.

Thou sayest, that "the words cited by me and every other of a similar kind are compound nouns, and as such were often joined by a hyphen,—and that a combination of simple ideas in the mind is in one language expressed by a single word and in another, from its copiousness, two or more are requisite to express the same combination:—thus vieillard expresses precisely the same idea as the words old man. Agreed, my good friend,—and this is more than I would ask to be granted me.—The hyphen alone would have satisfied me, that wine-vault is *one* (compound) noun, and *therefore* any adjective preceding it, must comport with the quality to be expressed of the THING—which, in this instance, to give it one word, is a cave or cellar, and needs not, as thou supposest, comport with the quality of that part of the word (wine) which in itself is merely descriptive.—

Thou hast pointed out very fairly some things, each of which in one language, may be expressed in one word, and in another requires two or more to characterise it. As vieillard, old-man, school-boy, brown colour.—Now the first word in these phrases respectively expresses, we both admit, the quality appertaining to the *idea* expressed by vieillard (old-man) scholar (school-boy) auburne (brown colour); but inasmuch as that full or perfect idea may be expressed by two entire words, we differ in the *choice* of the two words necessary to such perfect expressions, with which the adjective in strictness ought to be ideally connected;—thou preferrest the former, I the latter.—Now the first part of these compound nouns in their individual capacity is an adjective "*bona fide*," and when it becomes incorporated with that which had an independent existence, and which needed (not from any necessity, but merely to suit our notions of circumstantial propriety) some description, does it from that circumstance alone, let me ask, become the *greater* and acquire by such association a superiority over that which merely received it as an appendage? Rather let us say that man, boy, colour, lose not there existence by thus having it (as thou wouldst have it) usurped by the interlopers old, school and brown. I have no objection to their retaining a place like a shadow near its substance; but it is surely going too far to tolerate the destruction of *that* to which *it* owes its formal existence. And their destruction is obvious if we do not allow them to take to themselves the honour of another adjective which we are pleased to use, as good, diligent, dark, &c.

I ask my friend if he knows "a man named Julius?" He replies, I know an *old man* of that name; and I know him to be a *good old man*. This is certainly a good answer in good English, and it is not less certain that good is predicated of the *man*. I ask another who is James? The answer may be, James is a boy, that goes to Ackworth school, and a diligent boy (i. e. school-boy) he is. What colour is thy coat?—answer, it is brown; but it is so dark (i. e. of so dark a colour) that many say it is black. Do we not from all these, and a thousand other instances that might be given, clearly see that the thing calls up the idea which one word expresses as *it is*, a circumstance occurs which is hooked upon it, and then we see it as it *may be*; and after this a quality of the *thing* (not of the circumstance) is expressed by an adjective in the same way as if that circumstance, whatever it be, never existed?—

Again, thou sayest, "when I say a concise, well arranged, useful, English Grammar are any of the epithets preceding supposed to belong to that word; or do they not *as well as that* word itself express qualities of the grammar?"—Now apply these words to the thing which occasioned the present argument. If I say, a commodious, well-arranged, useful, wine-vault, are any of the epithets preceding, supposed to belong to that word wine, or do they not, *as well as that* word itself, express qualities of the Vault?—Out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee. If then all adjectives which precede that compound noun, express thereby the qualities of the Vault, how incongruous would it be to strain a connection between them and the word wine! To say a clean, a dirty, a stone built, a front, or a back wine Vault, would be descriptive of the Vault; but to express in that way the qualities of the liquor contained therein, would be (methinks) simple indeed: as a clear, a fourth proof, a Holland proof, a French, or a foreign Brandy Vault.—

A *mahogany* salt-*box*,—an *elegant* book-*case*, a *silver* cream-*jug*,—a *cork* butt-*bung*, an *iron* fire-*shovel*, a *cool* cyder-*cellar*, a *much frequented* beer-*house*, a *noted* tippling-*house*, a *convenient* Bar-*room*, a *crowded* grog-*shop*,—are good

English expressions;—but these are so only, because the first and last words in each of these phrases are coupled together in idea, and that too, notwithstanding a word in each of them intervenes.

Instances enough might be cited to prove that the first adjective is not only connected to the last word of a double noun; but so confined to it, that a real contradiction in the first and second terms is *not* an absurdity—e. g.

A *steel* cork-*skrew*, a *stationary* rolling-*pin*, a *straight* turn-*spit*, a *sliding* wheel-*barrow*, *Liverpool* china-*ware*, a *London made* sea-*pye*, an *open* close-*stool*, *high-heeled* go-low-*shoes*, a *shut up* open-*stove*, *hot* cold-*slaw*, *warned up* cold-*meat*, &c.—and who will deny that a white or red Black-berry may be really white or red, when it is green?—

Now if we disregard the connection between the first and third, for which I contend, and, according to thy rule, attend only to let the first and second not clash, we shall be in great danger of writing Irish instead of English—e. g.

An Ivory ink-horn! a bell-metal grid-iron! a wooden tomb-stone! a brass flat or sad-iron! a bought new year-gift! paper map-cards! a polished steel looking-glass! N.B. Lloyds coffee-*house* is up stairs!—

To exemplify our difference of opinion a little more, let us contrast some expressions thus:

I should not scruple to say, that "a pumpkin-patch is full of weeds. But thou must fill up the phrase in another way, to do thy pumpkin justice, as thus: the pumpkin-patch is full of *seeds* (meaning the pumpkin is so.)

When I say, a long pitch-fork, I mean a long *fork to pitch with*;—thou meanest, by such expression, a long, or a far *pitch-with-able fork*,—thus making the adjective expressive of the *action*, not the *thing*.

I should say, a *blinking* star-*gazer*,—thou, a *twinkling star*-gazer.—I mean by a *Welsh* cheese-*cake*, a cheese-*cake*, made in the Welsh mode,—thou a cake, made of Welsh *cheese* only, &c.

In speaking of the phrases jumbled together in my list from Gibraltar, thou confessest they are good expressions. A feather-bed, for instance, denotes our idea of an article *composed*. I spoke ironically when I gave the dimensions of the thing adjectively, thus, "a six feet by four feet feather-bed." Thou forgettest, that, according to thy justification of the word "foreign" as applied to an immoveable Vault, in the Borough, thou must couple the expression "*six feet by four feet*" with the next succeeding word "feather," and not "bed;"—and it was upon that construction only throughout the list I forwarded to thee, that I ran the risque of receiving from thee a large quantity of goods—which, however, (according to *that* construction) I never supposed thou wouldst be able to find in England.

A deviation of *one step* from propriety further than thou hast gone, would sanction the displacing of the adjective in other instances, where we make use of the genitive case, instead of the compound: as

a cloven pig's foot,
a handsome nobleman's house,
an elegant horseman's sword, &c.

Now, though these expressions appear so very absurd, yet, are they, in reality, less so than those phrases in which the mark of the genitive case is merely disused, and the two words have at length coalesced?—As, for instance, a cork butt-bung really signifies a cork bung of a butt, or a butt's bung made of cork; a cambric pillow-case, a pillow's cambric case, &c.—

It just occurs to me to note, that some words have become so completely blended, (either from a secret sympathy in themselves, or from the equality of their dignity at union,—) that it would be difficult to say to which of them a preceding adjective would, in strickness, of right belong:—as, linsy-woolsy, fellow-citizen, yankey-doodle, and a few others.

Let these hasty observations now suffice. By hurrying this away by the Pigou, I have not left myself at liberty to expatiate more upon a matter, which, really, I have not looked into since we parted. Nor, from the time we argued the matter upon London-bridge, did it ever engross my attention, except on the morning I made up the list of phrases forwarded thee from Gibraltar—and since thou admittest them to be perfect expressions, I leave thee to reconcile them with that of a *foreign* Brandy-*Vault*!

Like thyself I have employed all the little time allowed me to write by this opportunity, and all the paper too, which, in conscience, I ought to make my friend pay postage for, upon the one subject.—Future occasions, however, will enable us to talk about other affairs. The ice is now so broken that we may easily take a plunge, now and then, into each others notice,—and let me add, that, if the remembrance we bear each other, be mutually warm,—why then it shall not freeze up again.—Adieu.—

—

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

(*continued.*)

Now o'er the widening Channel, gently tost,
Whilst Cornwall's dwindled cliffs in mist are lost,
With *larboard tacks* aboard, the convoy sails,
Our course, S. W. buoy'd on by eastern gales.
Foremost, the EXCELLENT, in proud array,
Wades through the foam, or *luffs*, or *bears away*;
Next, lo! the AMAZON, gigantic strides
From wave to wave and Ocean's pow'r derides:
In order next, with all their *rags* unfurl'd,
The lab'ring ARGOSIES bear round the world
The rich productions of the English loom
T' obtain exotic dainties in their room;
And last, the JALOUSE plies, with dex'trous care,
To watch to leeward and bring up the rear.
In pity to thy patience, I omit
(To *prove* my claim to some small share of wit,)
A tedious journal of much tedious time,
Which would be doubly so, if smooth'd to rhyme.
And since thou know'st the travellers' right to tease
Their courteous reader with what stuff they please,
And lead him by the nose—up-hill—down-dale,
Or tie him to a joke, however stale,
(Such as poor Boswell, and an hundred more,
Whose toy-shop pages boast a countless store)
Thy *gratitude* shall praise the generous bard
Whose self-denial *claims* this small reward.
Cease, then, ye billows! and ye monsters! sleep
One month within the chambers of the deep!
And peace, thou babbling muse, that would'st repeat
The brisk manœvres of each naval feat,—
Whilst, *thus, before the wind*, two lines shall bear
My friend to Europe's verge—I'll meet him there.
'Twixt Lybia's banks and proud Iberia's tow'rs
Which flank the coast, to menace hostile pow'rs,
Swept by an indefatigable tide,
See! all our ships in perfect safety glide,
Save one!—her Need's ferocious sons annoy
And captivate with marks of savage joy.—
Now CALPE's crest in midway sky appears,

185. Now o'er, &c.] On 3d of 9th mo. we took our departure from the Lizard.

187. With *larboard tacks*, &c.] The larboard tacks are said to be aboard, when sailing by the wind the larboard happens to be the weather side of the ship.

189. The Excellent.] See note to v. 64. ante.

190. *Luffs or bears away.*] To luff is to put the helm to leeward, by which action the ship luffs up or points nearer than she did before to that point of the compass whence the wind blows: to bear away, is to do the contrary.

191. The Amazon, gigantic.] The Amazon is a 36 gun frigate and one of the convoy ships. Gigantic is used more in allusion to her *name* than size.

197. The Jalouse.] A brig of war, one of the convoy ships.

212. One month, &c.] We were at sea 30 days before our arrival at the entrance of the Mediterranean.

218. Which flank the coast.] Watch-towers, at the distance of half a league from each other, extend all along the coasts of Spain.

219. An indefatigable tide.] A strong current is constantly running *into* the Mediterranean sea.

221. Save one!] The ship Flora, captain Somers, was captured in the Strait's mouth by two French privateers and conducted to Algeciras.

The scope of British pride and Spanish fears.
High pois'd in air, half-seen, his sun burnt brow
Juts o'er the world and threatens all below;
Around his craggy base, th' impetuous spray
Exhausts a giant's might—and rolls away:
Like Ossian's Fingal, Calpe fronts the storm,
With stern composure and terrific form—
The baffled storm, refractory and wild
(An apt resemblance of a froward child)
Fumes, frets, and foams; but foams, frets, fumes in vain,
For Calpe stands unmov'd, and smiles disdain.—
Or,—to express the thing as it struck me,
Accept a new and bolder simile:—
Like Europe's haughty Genius, Calpe lifts
His limbs colossal o'er surrounding clifts,
As if indignant at the Moors' repose
He meant to cross the sea to crush his foes.
Or,—to afford the subject more RELIEF,
And bring it nearer home,—the Gallic chief
Thus rolls his scatter'd forces to a *heap*
Preparatory to th' *invasive leap*
O'er England's guardian billows, that deride
The bloated mass of Buonaparte's pride.
At length safe moor'd and toil and danger o'er,
Amidst a thousand greetings on the shore,
With eager haste, I drag the panting Muse,
Along the mole to catch and give the news.
"What news from England? ask an hundred tongues;
"What news? what news?" resound from lungs to lungs,
"How are the stocks?" cries one, half out of breath,
"I hear they're up."—"They're low, and falling."—
"Sdeath!
"The three per cents?"—"are under fifty four,"
"Bad news indeed!" re-echo half a score.
"—But what of Buonaparte?—will he invade?
"'Tis 'bout the time th' attempt was to be made."
"When we left England, it was said so *there*,
"But—he can never bring the thing to bear."
"To bear! no, no!—no that he *never* can,
"Were they to cross, they'd perish to a man!
"Besides, the Channel they can never cross,—
"Our ships would pepper them in heaps like dross.
"I wish they'd try!—ay! and get over, too,
"*I'd* warrant *we'd* gi'them *enough* to do!—
"—What, pray, of Portugal? we hear that she
"And Spain have purchas'd their neutrality?"—
"We heard so too at home; but people doubt
"If England will consent to *leave them out*."—
"*Out*! no! we never shall agree to that;
"No, Buonaparte, we are not so flat.
"What! suffer Spain to furnish gold to France"—
"—I hear they've lately made a large advance?"—
"Yes, very large,—a million cobs, or more—
"What fools were we to not make war before!"
Then, in my turn, I ask these slaves of gold
The news of Gib and find it quickly told:
"No business doing now within the Gut—
The plague in Spain—communication shut."—
To these base minds, the loss, alone, of gain
Makes them lament the ravages in Spain,
Whilst I by grief, already overborne,
Am doom'd afresh with suffering friends to mourn.

Here let me pause. A gentle pow'r forbids
To borrow tears from sympathising lids,
Or dim the sun-shine of thy happier hours
With this sad gloom that on my spirit low'rs.
Enjoy the blessings heav'n on thee bestows,—
Thy cheerful home,—*thy* undisturb'd repose;
Repose, too little priz'd! by few possess'd!
A *home* by friends, by parents—*sisters*, bless'd:
Whilst orphan I, and sisterless, afloat
On life's vast sea,—from friends from home remote,
Am doom'd withal, (uncommon lot!) to prove
Heroic pangs of friendship and of—love!

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

On the tendency of knowledge to expand the mind.

"Nor shall thine ardors cease to glow,
When souls to blissful climes remove:
What *rais'd our virtue* here below,
Shall aid our happiness above."
Johnson's Ode to Friendship.

Those who possess very tenacious memoires, will, perhaps, with some exertion of mind, recollect, on observing the title of this paper, that two others of the same name, have been already published in this miscellany: and that the narrow limits which it afforded, would not permit the conclusion of the subject. Those who are disgusted with an essay, if it be longer than a jest of Joe Miller, or a trite aphorism of Rochefoucault, I do not wish to accompany me through the present paper, which is devoted to the display of the proper and just use of that quality, which is equally detested by the indolent, and shunned by the volatile.

The benefits, indeed, of a cultivation of scientific improvement, cannot be sufficiently appreciated by *any* mind: its range is so boundless, that its advantages cannot be determined with accuracy, or its pleasures sufficiently valued. But unless the tree of knowledge be planted in *youth*, when vigor has not yet yielded to obstacles, and when imagination is active in the pursuits of its objects, man cannot repose beneath its shade, in the decline of age. When he is oppressed by the weight of increasing years—when Memory shall unlock the various *improved* stores of ideas for his contemplation, he will then often recollect the conversations and studies of his youthful days: he will frequently have cause to glow with returning rapture, and feel the ebbing current of life flow again with rapid circulation, while he remembers the time when

"———oft the converse ran,
"How varying Nature's beauteous frame began,
"And erst to different forms the waters flow'd,
"As o'er the Chaos mov'd the breathing God."*

Yet innumerable as are the pleasures—multiplied as are the benefits produced by Science, they are to be accounted nothing in comparison to that chief experimental science of sciences, which I would now earnestly and persuasively recommend to the attention of every individual; that which crowns knowledge with a lucid diadem of glory, and adds a wreath of triumph to the head of the true philosopher; that which will enable him to view scenes beyond the grave, and cause him to imbibe, through the duration of †endless ages, inexhaustible fountains of improvement and delight. This inestimable possession, this invaluable property,‡ and glorious privilege, is—RELIGION—the communion of the soul with her maker, without‖ which, Science is "vanity," and the possession of talents "vexation of spirit." Indeed, the natural effect of the calm, moderate, and rational study of the sciences, is the inculcation of this divine principle. Every object is a moral lesson to the philosopher, and if the mind be not too much enwrapped, or totally absorbed in the meditation of science, merely as science, *every reflection raises the mind to* GOD? The social affections need not be excluded from the bosom, the flame of piety needs not be extinguished, by enveloping ourselves in the dense clouds of mathematical or logical reasoning, nor the moral duties of man become totally void by their power. It is by forming to ourselves a DIVINITY of Science, and hailing it as our God, that we desert our moral, social, and religious obligations, swerve from the direct path to virtue and peace, and neglect our most important and interesting concerns.—From this cause, chiefly, have originated some of the many objections against science, the rational improvement of our talents, and the enlargement of our perceptions, which have been made and widely circulated by Fanaticism, Ignorance, and Pride. There is a GOLDEN

224. British pride and Spanish fears.] In the year 1782 the Spanish floating batteries were destroyed; an event which has made Gib so famous.

257. Bonapart.] Bonapart or rather Boneypart, appears to be Buonaparte's nick name.

275. cobs.] A cob at Gib is a hard dollar, about 4s. 6d. sterling.

271. Gib.] Gibraltar it uniformly known by the diminutive Gib.

279. Gut.] A local term to express the entrance of the Straights.

284. Suffering Friends.] I learn that my friends, H. and L. are closely shut up in Malaga, where the fever continues to rage violently. My friend J. L. is already dead there.

293 Orphan I.] *This*, I think, is the only deviation from rigid truth in the piece; and even this is not so, if the death of my mother, and an absence of years from my father be enough to *verify* the expression. I could heartily wish that this and the following line (294) were so *truly* poetic as to be founded wholly on *fiction*.

296. Heroic pangs, &c.] In allusion to a dream I had a fortnight ago, when it appeared that Emma arrived at Gib. and putting a packet of papers into my hand, said, "my brother is a prisoner in Algiers, and to whom but thyself can I apply for assistance?" Immediately I made, without imparting it to her, this secret and firm resolution, viz. Now will I prove my love to Emma, and my friendship for her brother, by yielding myself up a SLAVE in his place, and *he shall be free!* (Quere, was not this the action of a hero?)

* Wm. Whitehead.

† S. John xvii. 3. ‡ Coloss. ii. 3. ‖ S. Luke x. 21.

MEAN to be observed in our enquiries into nature, as well as in other concerns of human life. Such is the state in which we are placed, that every good that we enjoy, is liable to be perverted, and become an instrument of evil, through folly, misconduct, and neglect. To condemn science as prejudicial in its nature and tendency, because it may be, and has been influential in leading the mind astray from its highest good, by means of too great an attachment to it, in exclusion of every thing else, and through ignorance of its proper design, is not only culpable, but betrays the weakness and blindness of its censurers. It is necessary, therefore, to preserve a just sense of the *nature* and *value* of science, lest while we attend to its fascinating beauties, we should totally neglect our most *important* obligation; and instead of ranking it as a secondary object, (as it really is, for it reaches to no point beyond human life,) we should unjustly suppose it to be a primary concern, and pursue our researches into its depths with too much ardor.

Be not, then, ye seekers of knowledge, too anxious after its acquisition; while you neglect the "one thing needful,"—one moment, by the stroke of disease or insanity, will deprive you of the reward of "three score years and ten" assiduous labour and exertion—and all will be a sad blank in the prospect; but, on the contrary, if "ye seek first the kingdom of heaven, and the righteousness thereof,"* no human power, no disaster nor accident, "nor heights†" of elevation, "nor depths" of adversity, can ever "be able to separate" you from the blest recompence of an *exertion directed into a proper channel;* nor will ye be left desolate in respect to possessions of lesser importance; for we have a sacred promise, that "all necessary things shall be given" in addition to that peace and security, which can only be obtained by a residence in the tranquil bowers of Religion. The smile of Science will then brighten, the doors of her temple will no longer open with harsh, discordant sound, and its recesses will be illuminated with more lucid rays. And remember, on the contrary, ye superstitious enthusiasts, ye advocates of ignorance, and despisers of wisdom, that Religion consists not "in hiding the *talent*" afforded‡ us, in the ground, but in making it yield a produce, which may be useful‖ in the time to come.

But when ye are acquainted with all the truths, which are disclosed to us by Science,—when we can dive into the recesses of nature, unfold the intricacies, and display the combinations of the various phenomena of art, we shall be compelled to confess, that we know *nothing:* nothing in comparison to those innumerable mysteries, which are behind the curtain of futurity, and beyond the narrow sphere of our perceptions. The true effect of knowledge, unchecked by vanity, unrepressed by arrogance and pride, is *humility*, and an acknowledgement of our own comparative ignorance: and the greater the scope of it that we possess, the greater conviction we shall have of our own numerous imperfections and frailties. "Man only thinks himself great when surrounded by his own works; it is the sublime aspect of creation that humiliates!*" The votary of pride, when he sees a little way before him, imagines that he has arrived at the *acme*, or highest elevation of scientific truth: but when he enlists under the banners of that truth, pursues his researches into greater depths of nature, and perceives the intimate connections of the different branches of knowledge with one another, of material objects with material objects,—he beholds so vast a field before him, that he is induced unwillingly to acknowledge his former presumption: when he attempts to

> "Instruct the planets in what orbs to run—
> "To teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule,"

foiled, and abashed at the wildness of his own schemes, and the fallacy of his own pretensions, he is constrained to

> "————drop into himself, and be a fool!"†

Make a proper use, therefore, ye ardent followers of Science, and her train of graces—who pursue, with rapid and persevering step, her intricate paths, and dwell in her "spiry seats" and temples, excluded even from the *remembrance* of your varied moral, social, and religious duties, make a proper use of her bounties: beware of her powerful fascinations, but *piously* accept her multiplied benefits. And while you trace the corruscations of the electric fluid amid the impressive grandeur of a storm, or determine the nature of the aurora borealis, as you mark its vivid tints—while you lift your eyes to the heavens to behold its spangled canopy, or view the mild glories of the moon, whose radiance diffuses brightness over the reign of night, penetrates its sable mantle, and *inspires the emotions of other worlds*—

> "Riding near her highest noon,
> "Like one that had been led astray
> "Through the heav'ns wide, pathless way."‡

While you contemplate the sun in his meridian lustre, and calculate his revolutions around his flaming axle, or in the silence of midnight, when the turbulence of passion finds no place in the bosom, and the sound of riot reaches not the listening ear, you direct the optic tube to trace the orbit of the wandering comet, or to remark the vicissitudes of seasons, the grateful returns of day and night in a remote planet, or ascertain the diameter of a distant Herschel, and the rotations of his satellites—while you behold these magnificent scenes, remember the ETERNAL MIND who conceived their vast formation, whose Divine Hand placed those wheeling globes, you so fondly admire, in their proper ranks, and gave them motion; and which Hand, could in one instant of time, by a very small exertion of the power of the Almighty Architect, nay,—by a word—a WISH, reduce them to NOTHING—sweep them from the face of creation, and hurry the world and its glittering appendages, into tumult and confusion—desolation and chaos!

While you descend into the remote regions of antiquity, and penetrate its dark shades by the light of chronology, remember,—that the *time*, on whose sad devastations you ponder, which has caused the most celebrated cities to moulder in the dust, and the proud empires of ancient renown to sleep with the ashes of their founders, compels you, at the same moment, to advance *nearer* to eternity, and will finally plunge you into its FATHOMLESS AND UNBOUNDED OCEAN of felicity or woe!

Attempt not, by means of the faint glimmer of scientific perception, to elucidate the mysterious recesses of revelation: *dare* not presume to scan the nature of the Supreme Being, by entering the intricate labyrinth—the dreary wilds of metaphysical research, for they will unavoidably constrain you to wander into the barren heath of INFIDELITY.

Be not so arrogant as to suppose, that the mists of futurity can be dispersed by the lucid rays of reason. It is vain! Reason, as far as its limits extend, is perfectly capable of unravelling the entan-

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* Matt. vi. 33. † Rom. viii. 39.
‡ Matt. xxv. 18. ‖ Matt. v. 14. 15. 16.

* D'Israeli. Romances. † Vide I. Cor. iii. 18.

‡ Milton. Il'Penseroso.

glements of doubt, and deciding on the qualities of natural objects, by deductions from positions and arguments within the reach of human capacity: but when it presumes to usurp the duties of Revelation, and to do what the latter only can perform, it struggles, hesitates, and is lost in a whirl of contending doubts and fears, alarms and perplexities.

"For God has wisely hid from human sight
The dark decrees of *future fate*,
And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state,
When mortals *search too soon*, and fear too late."*

And ye admirers of Rhetoric!—while

"The fire-fraught urn of Eloquence devolves
"Its rapid wave, and nations catch the flame,"—†

while the sweetest strains of Poetry can fascinate the mind, O! let their influence be directed to noble purposes.

Let me embrace the opportunity now afforded, to call the attention of him, who exults in the *morning* of youth, or rejoices in the *noon* of manhood, to the cultivation of his mind in useful science; in the language of an admired Italian poet —"Pause; and reflect that a glorious *day* like this may never dawn again.‡"

Let the seeds of knowledge, then, be planted early in life, and sufficient nourishment given to the *tender plant*: and it will soon be able to resist the storms of malice, and the blasts of adversity. In the spring time of life, its verdure will delight the eye, and enchant the heart: in the summer of manhood, it will spread an embowering shade, when you can repose, safely sheltered from the "fervent noontide heat," in which the busy multitudes of the world are toiling under the direction of folly, of pride, and of ignorance; and in the autumn of declining life, a rich, luxurious repast will be afforded from its fruits;—which nothing shall be able to take away. Those fruits will, no doubt, meet the ridicule of the malignant, and the contempt of the vicious, while Dissipation ever possesses a votary, or an advocate of the dulness and stupidity of wilful ignorance may be found;

"But can the wiles of art, the grasp of pow'r,
"Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?"‖

NO!

June 11, 1804.

* Dryden's Hor. Book 1. Ode 29. Paraphrased.
† Polwhele.
‡ "Pensa, che questo di mai non raggiorna." Dante. Parad.
‖ Rogers.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

A MORNING RAMBLE.

While the blue mists of morning envelope the hills,
O'er the ice-covered valley I fearlessly bound,
Ere the tears of Aurora the sun-beam distils;
Or the hunter's loud horn wakes the echoes around.

O'er the landscape stern Winter his mantle has spread,
And leafless and barren the forest appears;
The oak all the honors of summer has shed,
And its wide spreading branches now desolate rears.

I see from my chimney the blue smoke ascend,
In long wreathy columns aspiring on high;
From the low cottage roof countless icicles pend,
That reflect the mild lustre of morn on the eye.

In the east, streams of light, from the sun I discern,
Ere he rises to scatter his glories around,—
Ere his beam drinks the dew, pour'd from night's silver urn,
When all nature repos'd, wrapt in silence profound.

A few twinkling stars are still seen in the west,
Where they gild the dark shadows fast melting away,
And rising majestic from Ocean's wide breast,
My heart hails with rapture the planet of day.

How the landscape now smiles, while his beams, far and wide,
Diffuse light and life through the regions of air!
Through Earth's spacious bounds, in the refluent tide;—
All—all his unbounded munificence share.

I'll return to my cot and, with thankfulness, bend
To HIM, who to all has so bounteously giv'n;
Who will e'er be to Worth and to Virtue a friend
And scatter around them the blessings of heav'n.

ANGUS.

For the Evening Fire-side.

PRESERVATION OF CIDER.

Friend Editor,

As the "Evening Fire side," appears calculated for the dissemination of useful knowledge—and in the prospectus an invitation was held out for communications of such improvements in agriculture, domestic affairs &c. as appear designed for public utility, I have been induced to send you the following receipt and experiment on the preservation of Cider.

Early last autumn, in conversation with a friend of Philadelphia who had recently performed a tour into New England, I was informed by him, that while in the eastern states he had drunk some cider of a superior quality to any he had found before, on enquiry he found it was preserved according to the following receipt—and had then been on tap three years.

"When you receive your cider from the press, put four table spoons full of coarse salt into each barrel, and when your cider has ceased to ferment, stop it tight. In the month of March improve a clear day, with the wind in the western quarter, to draw it off into clean barrels, as follows—when you have filled the barrel about one third, burn a brimstone match in it, then fill it up, put in your fining and stir it well, after this put in one quart of molasses, which must not be stirred, then bung your casks tight. In a few week it will be fit to tap."

"The brimstone match is made by dipping a strip of old canvas about a foot long and two inches wide into melted brimstone. The cider must be made in a clear, cool day, and, if possible, have it run through a coarse sieve at the press."

This receipt was soon communicated thro' our neighbourhood, and many began the process by salting. In divers instances it proved ineffectual to preserve the cider sweet, the firmentation was as violent as if nothing had been done. In some others an effect has been produced that demands attention, of which is the following. I was this day at a neighbour's house when I drank cider of a very superior quality, clear and well flavoured. It has been on tap nearly two months, and does not appear *at all* depreciated. I enquired the process, which was as follows. The cider was the second making about the latter end of the 9th month. No water was put in except to wash the mill down; on running from the press, it was immediately put down cellar, without straining, into a molasses hogshead, in which it was supposed might remain a gallon and a half of molasses with the dregs. When the hogshead was filled with cider, between two and three quarts of coarse salt were poured in, without stirring, the cider was then left near four weeks to ferment and as soon as the fermentation ceased, it was racked off into a clean hogshead, and bunged up close without any addition. On examination, but a small portion of the salt appeared to be dissolved, but the molasses was all absorbed. On the 14th of the 11th month the hogshead was tapped, when the cider was perfectly clear and sweet and continues so.—

C.

1*st mo.* 8*th* 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

On seeing S. L. dressed in a fashionable Wig.

As Nature, to preserve an equipoise,
Redundant pow'r of principles destroys,
Blending *attractive* and *repulsive* might,
And mingling *shade* (to save our eyes) with *light*;
So modish dames repell us from the gaze
And kindly deaden Beauty's ardent blaze
When o'er their charms, contrived in piteous gig.
They spread that monstrous veil y-clep'd a wig.—
Had those fam'd Syrens whose allurements bland

Attracted heroes to the fatal strand,
Had they worn wigs, by modern artists shap'd,
Others besides Ulysses had escap'd.----
Or when in Eden beauty held the bait
And tempted Adam from his blissful state,
Had round Eve's brows a shaggy wig been curl'd,
Her charms less potent, had not lost the world!----

CALEB.

Perth-Amboy.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

RELIGION.

The principle or *seed* of religion in man is the Divine Instinct placed in him, the *word* by which he was created, and which *alone* can change or create him anew. By this *word* it is that man has *yet*, a communication with God and God with man.—To rescue fallen man from the condition in which he now is, God first of all speaks to him in his *Conscience*, where he erects his tribunal to judge down all *evil* as that is what hinders his return to God, and *afterwards* by the same speaking or *Divine Instinct* leads him into all good, by the *path* which is thus opened in his *conscience*.—It is only in the way of the Divinity speaking to man, that he is *nourished* by that *truth* which brings life; for the instructions that come to him from *without* are only efficacious as they are *adopted* and made powerful by this co-operating inward *word*. This *word* makes itself heard in the heart more or less, as it finds there more or less, an increase of uprightness or the love of truth: for it is in this *disposition* or uprightness of the heart that the *word* operates after indeed it has *wrought* in man this uprightness *itself* and formed something *in* him on which it may *subsist*. Man was made to be the habitation, the temple of God, where he takes pleasure to be adored in secret, and secretly to work his wonders *before* he manifests them outwardly, and rewards openly those who adored him in secret. He dwells not in temples made with hands in any sense. It is he himself that builds the place of his habitation, & it is for this end that he has placed his *word* in the heart of man. Its first care is to cleanse and put the heart in a condition to serve him as an abode; from thence it disposes of the whole man and brings him to *order*, to a *dependency* on the divinity, in which alone consists the restoration of man.——To concur with this design of Providence it is especially necessary that men be cured of their diffidence or *doubts* with regard to the inward word. They must reverence the ways of God *in* themselves, that they may not be afraid to pass from the religion which men teach, to that which comes immediately from God, and which was reserved for these *latter times*.—After this it would not be difficult to make men comprehend that the Spirit of God dwelling in them more or less, must have with it that proportion of instruction which they peculiarly want; that in the disposition to receive it, is the faith required of them, and which he *is ready to give* to those who desire it, and that in order to make a *due* use of a disposition which they can only receive from the divinity, they ought not to think it necessary to seek the truth *elsewhere*, especially from those who have only *ideal knowledge* to impart, and who are therefore mistaken as to God; for he has no regard to any thing but what comes from *himself*,—it being dishonorable to him to suppose that his ways are of such sort that he puts men into the perplexities of ignorance of what he requires of them, and to the necessity of providing for themselves *persons* who may instruct them.—It is not in the heavens, that we should say "Who shall go up to the heavens and bring it down from thence, that we should understand it in order to do it? Nor is it beyond the sea, that we should say who shall fetch it from thence? But *this word* is nigh thee, in thy heart and in thy mouth, that thou mightest do it."—It is manifested in man himself and there is *no person* to whom it does not make itself known. The *true* ministers, who are made as *trumpets* for the spirit of God to speak by to others, in his name, have it in their mouths where he puts it, and those who ought either to keep it for their own use *or* communicate it to others have it previously in their *hearts*: in both it is the *same word*, and it is not given to be *known* barely but to be *done*. It leads to the *latter* only, and it has little or nothing in it *merely* to be *known*. To be within every one's reach is its peculiar character, and to be easily known just in proportion as it is important for us to know it preferably to all other things. To what then will it *lead* both those who have it in themselves as ITS trumpets and those to whom it is proclaimed? It leads them to *Religion*—what is *very simple* yet *very great*:—"It is declared unto thee O man! what is *good* and what the Lord requires of thee: to do justice, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God."—There is but little to be *known* or speculated upon, but there is a great work to be *done*. In proportion as it *is* done, man advances, and the will of God is *further* made known to him; and he is *shewn* from time to time what he has *further to do* by the inward word, which at the same time *strengthens* and *urges* him onward to *perform it*. It puts us upon *judging* ourselves under its direction, and *applying* to ourselves the condemnations which *conscience* pronounces on the *evil* in us. It renders us *truly* humane and merciful; for it is the divine mercy which *acts in us*, and by this means is communicated to us. It makes us look upon God as continually *present* and causes us to have him in view in *all our doings*. By this we are made to walk along *with* him and not barely to *follow* him; we act *willingly* which gives a *value* to our *obedience* and makes us rather *friends* of God than his servants. It is thus he becomes *our* God. The *Divine Instinct* operates all this in man in *such a manner* as to humble him in his obedience and to keep him from self complacence. By this *humility* in which it keeps him, it secures him peace and rest, and renders his work acceptable and complete; thus it is with the people whom God forms in this age even *spiritual Israel*. And as this people are gathered out of *all* people and *all* nations these are truths to be declared to *all* men.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

THE SUN AND NIGHT.—*An Allegory.*

From the Spanish.

Already Night, ambitious Empress, round
This earthly orb her leaden chains had spread;
And mortals, wrapt in slumber so profound,
Seem'd less enslav'd in sleep's embrace than dead.

Sol early knew her proud, insidious aim,
And, mounting hastily his car sublime,
(The whilst his breast fierce ire and rage inflame,)
Grasps his keen rays and flies to th'Eastern clime.

He gain'd th'Horizon!—When poor Night beheld
Her more than equal foe entrench'd secure,
Swiftly she fled, by hurrying fears impell'd,
T'escape the fury of her swift pursuer.

From side to side disconsolate she flies,
But finds alas! no refuge—no repose;
When haply lo! a shady grot she 'spies,
And creeps for shelter---trembling as she goes.

In close pursuit, the Sun the welkin rends,
Darting his fiery shafts on every side,
Climbs the steep vault, his piercing glare extends,
To find what den the fugitive might hide.

A while he gaz'd attentive: but in vain
His penetrating eye survey'd the world;—
Outbrav'd! his choler, 'gainst the humble plain,
The fury of his blazing weapons hurl'd.

Wistful, meanwhile, within the covert far,
'Mid the thick branches of the friendly grove,
Night heard, appall'd! the rolling of his car,
Which headlong on her hot pursuer drove.

Soon as he pass'd, from coward terrors free,
She felt new life her languid pow'rs pervade;
And freedom now and calm tranquility
Breath'd their bland influence thro' the realms of shade.

First peeping through the copses of the wood,
She saw, far distant, Sol's declining flame,—
Beheld him buried in the Western flood,
Then jocund forth from her asylum came.

Elate with pompous dignity she view'd
A shining troop of circling stars appear,
That, vying in obsequious homage, strew'd,
Their gaudy spangles round the hemisphere.

Th'uncourteous Moon, deck'd in a borrow'd robe,
Foremost along the dingy concave swims—
Thus Night, triumphant Mistress of the globe,
The king of day's sublimest glory dims.—

NIGHT, PEERLESS! whom no rival shall assail,
What time thy foe his short career has run,—
Say who e'er fancied that *thy* flimsy veil
Might thus obscure th'effulgence of the Sun?

So TRUTH, irradiating, deigns to shine,
Like the bright Sun and mists and clouds pervades;
But lo! we bow at our accustom'd shrine,
And lose ourselves again in Error's shades.

We listen not when sage instruction speaks;
Or, listening, oft her precepts we disdain;
And wavering Folly back returns and seeks
To reign once more where it was wont to reign.—

Malaga.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The history of man has been disfigured in a manner very different from the history of nature. Except the interest which religion or humanity has prompted some good men to take, in favor of their fellow-creatures, the rest of historians have written under the impulses of a thousand different passions.—The politician represents man, as divided into nobility and commonalty, into papists and huguenots, into soldiers and slaves; the moralist, into the avaricious, the hypocritical, the debauched, and the proud; the Tragic poet, into tyrants and their victims; the Comic, into drolls and buffoons; the Physician, into the pituitous, the bilious, the phlegmatic.—They are universally exhibited as subjects of aversion, of hatred or of contempt. Man has been universally dissected, and now nothing is shewn of him but the carcase. Thus the master piece in creation like every thing else in Nature, has been degraded by our learning. In order to form a right judgement of nature's magnificent spectacle, we must suffer many objects to remain in its place and remain ourselves in that which nature has assigned to us. It is from a regard to our happiness, that she has concealed from us the laws of her omnipotence. How is it possible for a being so feeble as man to embrace infinite space? But she has brought within our grasp what it is useful and delightful to know, namely, the emanations from her beneficence. In the view of uniting mankind by a reciprocal communication of knowledge, she has given to each of us, ignorance, treasuring up science in a common stock, to render us necessary and interesting to each other.—It is neither to polished Greeks nor Romans but to nations which we denominate barbarous, that we owe the use of simples, of bread, of wine, of domestic animals, of cloths, of dye-stuffs, of metals, and of every thing most useful and most agreeable for human life.

[*St. Pierre.*

THE CERTAINTY OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

From the Spanish.

Since gracious Heav'n, within my reach
Has placed my own felicity,
No Pow'r, against my will, can snatch
Th'inestimable boon from me.

For who from HIM, whose arm, the car
Of this vast Universe sustains,
Shall dare, in competition, dare
Usurp command and hold the reins?

Can *Fortune* with JEHOVAH vie?
Or *Fate*, ALMIGHTY PROWESS brave?—
What! *shades*—IDEAL SHADES destroy,
Whom Providence exerts to save!

Ah! *if* OMNIPOTENCE *can* bless,
It would be *impious* to contend
That man, t'insure his happiness,
On mere chimeras must depend:

Then whilst in GOD ALONE he keeps his trust,
His happiness is *sure*—or GOD UNJUST!

Velez.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

It seems very extraordinary, that it should be the most difficult thing in the world to be natural; and that it should be harder to hit off the manners of real life, and to delineate such characters as we converse with every day, than to imagine such as do not exist. But caricature is much easier than an exact outline, and the colouring of fancy less difficult than that of truth.

People do not always know what taste they have, till it is awakened by some corresponding object; nay, genius itself is a fire, which in many minds would never blaze, if not kindled by some external cause.

[The Editor of the Evening Fire-side, having succeeded in the moderate attempt, lately made, to obtain a patronage respectable enough to maintain the work, so far at least as respects its actual expences, cannot forbear expressing the satisfaction which its present thriving appearance affords him. An ample compensation for the drudgery of editorship, was an expectation too sanguine to be cherished by any one, who has had a fair opportunity to know the character of the citizens of this metropolis in whatever relates to an encouragement of literature. Absorbed in more important concerns, even the few leisure hours in which they sometimes indulge themselves cannot be said to be wholly abstracted from pursuits, which are considered as being more useful to society than the mere polishing of the mind. Their virtues which are manifested by so many benevolent institutions for the succour of suffering humanity, are so generally acknowledged, that the only question seems to be, as to the propriety of foregoing every advantage of social life, except such as are concomitants of BUSINESS whose object is confined to the maintenance of the body. As long, then, as the improvement of the mind shall continue to be considered as a secondary object, the employment of an editor must continue to be classed with the profession of a school-master, which, in this part of the world, has been suffered to sink into unmerited disrepute. If the labours of these descriptions of men vainly seek a patronage which an unremitted exertion really requires, is it marvellous that the many literary efforts, which have been made in this city, should have proved abortive?—Rather let it be said, that they must continue to be so until a change of the public sentiment in their favour, shall be effected by something which the present mode of education and habits early acquired, can, perhaps, never effect.

It is not, however, the intention of the editor to complain of the want of a patronage which, though he sought, he did not sanguinely expect. He has succeeded in setting afloat an undertaking which he foresaw, might require more ingenuity than he possesses to draw it against the current of prejudice. His aim now is to leave it afloat, until the tide of opinion may so turn, as that it may drift into the good graces of a public who are not accustomed to reject any thing, not morally wrong, which they find to be conducive to their interest. With this view he has enlisted in the cause, a few characters who have promised to aid the editing of the Evening Fire-side. Under their joint management, it is hoped, that the work will prosper by a strict adherence to the plan and principles upon which it has appeared. And to their exertions he looks with confidence for eventual success in its future claim to the attention of a public from which the present editor, as an individual, now takes his leave.]

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